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Chapter 1 by Goat Girl04

The bell pierced Margot's ears as she scrambled down the stairs well to her locker. She grabbed her orange sweatshirt and slung her purple book bag over her shoulder. She needed to get out of the melancholic place called middle school. It was humid and stuffy out, and Margot made her way to the back of the bus. Like always, she sat alone.

As the bus pulled out of the loop, Margot felt it. The unmistakable de-já-vu that she got all the time. It hit her like being whacked by a baseball in the face. She wasn't alive. Not in the physical sense, you could still touch her; but she knew she wasn't Margot Leesly. She knew she was someone else. She didn't know who, but it gnawed on her like a hungry dog devoured a bone.

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